ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 6.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1877.

went off in another peal of laughter.

Hiram did not want to say good-night.

Whether he slept or said his prayers

that night is not recorded, but it is an

established fact that eight o'clock the

next evening found him in Deacon

Bates' parlor. The interview was a long

and probably interesting one, and its

giving the deacon had neither a Jenny

That was years ago, and Hiram has

sime tione the town some service as 80-

horse-barn brings him to terms at once.

HOW PETROLEUM IS FOUND.

The Pennsylvania petroleum is found

in a sandstone formation fully 1,000

feet below the lowest coal measures, the

Butler county oil bearing rock lying ful-

ly 300 feet below the level of the sea.

The general public entertain the idea

that it is the result of the distillation of

coal; but scientists and practical opera-

tors deny any connection between the

coal and oil measures. Hitherto science

has offered but little light upon the ori-

gin of rock oil, while operators have

extracting it from the earth than to the

distillation in the earth's crust. As yet

In the winter of 1858-9 Colonel E.

an artesian well on an island in Oil

long time given out about twenty bar-

poses under the name of "Seneca Oil."

It was with a view of increasing this

vield that the artesian well was started.

For centuries the Indians of that section

had collected the oil from the creek by

spreading their blankets upon its sur-

war paint or which they burned to illu-

mine their feasts or war dances. During

these centuries no effort had been made

to secure it in large quantities, and the

first one to drill for the product had

caused a glut in the market by produc-

sequent events showed that Colonel

Its near resemblance to crude coal oil

distillation of coal-led manufacturers

cesses to which crude coal oil was sub-

jected in the manufacture of an illumin-

From sales of fifty cent vials for corns,

NO. 16.

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- AND-

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THE REVENGE OF RAIN-IN-THE-FACE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. In that desolute land and lone, Where the Big Horn and Yellowstone

Muttered their woes and griefs, And the menace of their wrath. "Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face, Revenge upon all the race Of the white chief with yellow hair!" And the mountains dark and high From their crags re-echoed the cry

Roar down their mountain path.

By their fires the Sloux chiefs

Of his anger and despair. In the meadow, spreading wide By woodland and river side The Indian village stood-All was silent as a dream.

Save the rushing of the stream
And the blue jay in the wood. In his war paint and his beads, Like a bison among the reeds. In ambush the Sitting Bull Lay with three thousand braves, Crouched in the clefts and caves,

Savage, unmerciful! Into the fatal snare The white chief with vellow hair And his three hundred men Dashed headlong, sword in hand; But of that gallant band

Net one returned again. The sudden darkness of death Overwhelmed them, like the breath And smoke of a furnace fire : By the river's bank, and between The rocks of the ravine, They lay in their bloody attire

But the foemen fled in the night, And Rain-in-the-Face, in his flight, Uplifted high in air As a ghastly trophy bore The brave heart that beat no more. Of the white chief with yellow hair Whose was the right and the wrong? Sing it, oh, funeral song! With a voice that is full of tears, And say that our broken faith Wrought all this ruin and scathe, In the Year of a Hundred Years,

WHEN THE COWS COME HOME. When klingle, klingle, klingle, Far down the dusty dingle.

The cows are coming home; Now sweet and clear, and faint and low, The airy tinklings come and go, Like chimings from the far-off tower, Or patterings of an April shower That makes the daisles grow Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle, Far down the darkening dingle,

The cows come slowly home.

And old-time friends, and twin-se plays, And starry nights — sunny days, Come transing up the misty ways, When the cows come home. With jingle, jangle, jingle, Soft stones that sweetly mingle, The cows are coming home: Malvina and Pearl and Florimel. DeKamp, Red Rose, and Gretchen Schell,

Queen Bess, and Sylph, and spangled Suc.

Through violet air we see the town

And the summer sun a-slipping down And the maple in the hazel glade

Throws down the path a longer shade

And the hills are growing brown;

To-ring, to-rang, toringlerangle,

By threes and fours and single.

The cows come slowly home.

When the cows come home.

With tinkle tankle, tinkle

Through fern and periwinkle,

The cows are coming home :

A-loitering in the checkered stream.

Where the sun-rays glance and gleam

Stand knee-deep in the creamy billies.

In a drowsy dream

Clarine, Peachbloom, and Phebe Phillis

To-link, to-lank, tolinklehnkle,

The cows come slowly home. And up through memory's deep ravine,

And the crescent of the silver Queen,

When the cows come home

The cows are coming home:

And over there on Merlin Hill.

And over the poplars Venus shines,

And over the silent mill

For dear old times come back again

With klingle, klangle, klingle,

O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,

Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen.

With loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,

Sounds the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,

And the dewdrops lie on the tangled vines,

Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle

With a ting-a-ling and jingle,

Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain.

Punctuation was first used in literature

in 1820. Before that time wordsand-

A little fellow who were striped stock-

ings was asked why he made barber-

poles of his legs. His pert reply was,

"Papa, ought the teacher to flog a

"Grandma, why don't you keep a ser-

vant any longer?" "Well, you see, my

The very latest from Maine is the

quick ?" "No," was the reply. "Well,"

said she in great glee, "I step one foot

over the crib, then I say 'rats,' and

"Now, then, state your case," said a

Detroit lawyer the other day, as he put

the five dollar bill away in his vest

pocket. "Well," began his client, "sup-

pose the man living next door wants to

put a barn right against my line, coming

within two feet of my house ?" "He can't

do it, sir-can't do any such thing." re-

see. Well, sir, go right ahead and put

frighten myself right in."

fellow for what he didn't do?' '"Certain-

ly not, my boy" "Well, then, he flog-

ged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

The cows come slowly home Let down the bars: let in the train

When the caws come home.

sentenceswere puttogether like this.

"Well, ain't I a little shaver ?"

Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo" And clang her silver bell : Go-ling, go-lang, golingledingle, With faint, far sounds that mingle, The gows come slowly home. And mother songs of long-gone years, And baby-joys and childish fears,

of his rival, Elnathan Rogers. And youthful hopes and youthful tears, When the cows come home With ringle, rangle, ringle, By twos and threes and single The cows are coming home;

call the thing settled."

The same sweet sound of worldless paalm The same sweet June day rest and calm. The same sweet smell of buds and balm.

and finally said :

the scar now."

I'll give her a lickin' that will last a

doesn't sav a word! What next?"

you come into the house?" child, I am getting old now, and can't village before dark. I'll be round some but let me explain."

his successful rival climb the fence bedoughput device. A hollow tin coil in tween the two farms. Then he deliberthe shape of a doughnut is filled with whiskey, and then it is enclosed in the ately unhitched his horse, got into his pastry. The cakes are fifteen cents each. wagon and drove off, never casting a "Mamma," said a little girl to her mother, "do you know how I get to bed

slowly unbuckling the harness. "To think of Jenny Bates kicking her own father, and biting her little brother, and she looking as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. It's just as mean. though, in the deacon to lick as 'tis for her to kick. The old hypocrite! Well, plied the lawyer. But I want to put I must say, I'm mightily deceived in the my barn right up against his line," re- Bateses. I suppose Elnathan Rogers marked the client. "Oh-ah-yes, I feels cranky enough now he's got her. I your barn there. All the law in the just hope she'll kick his head off. Lucky

hair was in a state of distressing smoothall these respects to the lilies of the through the dashboard !" field, there was apparent in his actions a singular sort of nervousness, a trepidation almost, which rendered his appearance at once ridiculous and awkward. This trepidation was in no wise sped off in the direction of the farm kitchen door. Hiram was conscious a half a dozen pairs of eyes from the sitting-room windows, and it required ex-

language.

"I want her bad," he was saying.

may be sure of that."

I don't want to impose upon a neighbor."

deacon. I'm willing to risk it."

here I was going to pop the question this very night. Who would have tho't "I'll take that out of her," said El-

nathan, continuing the conversation. "If she so much as lifts her foot against me. month."

broken by the deacon. "Well, if you must have her, you

take care of one as I used to do you | time to morrow."

Hiram Jenkins waited until he saw look toward the window where the fair Jenny sat in watchful expectation. Not until he reached his own door did he draw a long breath.

"It seems like a dream," said he, you were going to marry Elnathan Rog- operator has sometimes been rewarded

Dangerous Jenny Bates.

hill road that led to the farm of Deacon observer that the errand he was bound geously, simply for the purchase of a tub of butter or a voke of steers. His ness, and seemed almost a part of the glossy hat which covered it. His coat standing in front of the post-office, El- ped head was thrust out, with a demand and pantaloons were marvels in their nathan Rogers drove by with the dea- as to what was the matter. Still Jenny way, and his boots, which had been elaborately blacked, reflected back the feetly blinding to the beholder. And yet, notwithstanding his superiority in house, and disappeared through the

the horses of all visitors were hitched. There are few more awkward things to at him. do than to get out of a carriage when The doxology closed the school at last, all his dignities and honors, if he ever women are watching, and though Hiram and there was a grand bustling about happens to insist upon having his own had probably never thought of the fact | the door, and eager pushing among the | way, the threat of telling about the before, he fully experienced its truth, young men to make sure of their favoras, endeavoring to spring genteelly from ites. Hiram was trying to make his the buggy his foot slipped on the wheel, way through the crowd, when he found and he came down on his hands and bimself at the elbow of Jenny Bates, knees in the dirt. His somerks, as he and the same moment the hateful voice scramble less his feet were confined to of Elnathan Rogers was heard in the one word, but that, though short, was words: the most expressive one in the English

"I'll have to go round to the barn pump and wash my hands before I can go in," he said to himself. "I suppose they are having their fun out of me in:

hadn't started." As he passed the door of the horse glad she mittened him, though." barn which was partly opened, he heard the sound of voices. He listened, and his heart sank as he recognized the tones

have her, you know, and you'd better

"I don't know about that," answered the deacon, doubtfully. "I've always

know-" "Say it's a bargain, deacon. I've thought it over a good while, and Jenny

"She's got some little tricks that nobody knows nothing about but me, and

"Oh, pshaw! that's only an excuse, "She kicked me in the stomach last the two you mention, you won't be able depth of seventy-one feet, and resulted

winter, and bit little Sammy not more than six weeks ago. I can show you

"Great king !" thought Hiram, "but

"Lick !" ejaculated Hiram to himself. astonished beyond measure. "Lick Jenny Bates! Well, this goes ahead of anything I ever heard of. And the old man

A pause ensued, which was at last must. I expect the old lady'll want stolen it." said Jenny, with great dignisomething to say about it, though. She ty, and making a show of going into the ator, and in a day a demand for the pro- was an old deacon who was a great deal thinks as much of Jenny as I do. Won't house.

case is on your side."-Detroit Free for me I overheard what I did."

Hiram Jenkins drove slowly up the lost his "girl," but he had been cut out and put her hands to her face. Poor medium of the nation, including the Bates. It was plain even to the casual he held in thorough contempt. He felt his hands were upon the gate to open it, lation. From serving at feasts and or-

or the deacon either. never out of Hiram's thoughts. One day in the upper front bed-room. he went to the village, and while there, Up went the window and a night-cap-

property," muttered Hiram. "I wish to Jenny found her voice. gracious the old mare would put her feet | "Go home, Hiram Jenkins," said she,

That night the singing school met at if you want to say anything more to me, the Academy. Hiram came late. He come up to-morrow evening after supper. used to sit with the tenors just behind | But mind, don't go to listening at any Jenny Bates. Now he chose a different | barn door on your way home," and she seat, and tried hard to sing bass. He lessened by the sudden vision of a red- could not, however, help seeing Elnaheaded urchin watching him from the than Rogers pass peppermint lozenges to barn door, and who, as the team ap- Jenny, and also write something on the proached, with an ever-widening grin, blank leaf of her singing book which she

read and answered. "Of course he'll go home with her tonight," thought Hiram. "It'll be the minute afterward of being the target for | first time I've missed it for a year. He's | immediate result was that before Thanks-

welcome, though." All the intermission he kept his seat. in the house nor in the barn. traordinary strength of mind on his part and pretended to be very busy looking to drive past the house to the shed where | for some tune in the singing book that refused to be found. Jenny did not look lectman, and is likewise a dignified jus-

"Shall I see you home to-night, Miss

Bates ?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "

shall walk home alone." Hiram was totally unprepared for this. "Perhaps it's one of her fits," he said the house now. Confound it, I wish I to himself. "The deacon said she had 'em, that nobody knew but himself. I'm The word mitten reminded Hiram that he had left both of his on his seat

investigation of the question as to how in the school-room, and he stepped back it came there. There are but few facts just as the candles were being put out. which will support any theory whatever, "Here's Jenny Bates' singing-book." and these point to a product of the de-"She just suits me. You can't always he heard one boy say to another. "She composition of aquatic plants and aniwent off in such a hurry to-night, that mals, as coal is the result of enormous deposits of vegetation. Other authori-

she forgot it." "Give it to me," said Hiram, who re- ties have asserted that it is the result of membered what had taken place that said, come what would, I wouldn't part | evening, and with eager look sought out | its origin is utterly undetermined. with Jenny. But you hang on so, I don't | the written messages that had passed between Jenny and his rival. They were L. Drake, of New Haven, Ct., started

"Tell your father he cheated me when creek, a small tributary of the Allegha-I must have. I'll treat her well, you I bought old Jenny. I thought by her ny river. A neighboring spring had for name she must be good for something, The deacon hesitated, blew his nose but she bites and kicks ten times worse rels of petroleum each year, which had than he ever told me. I wish now I had been bottled and sold for medicinal purspoken for the Jenny in the house in-

stead of the one in the barn.' And the answer: "I guess the horse is as good as you In the latter part of August, 1859, the deserve. As for your choosing between | drill reached the oil bearing rock at a

to do that this year. You have got the in a vield of over 1,000 gallons per day. only Jenny you can from my father." A light broke in upon Hiram. "Well, of all the infernal fools I ever heard of, I am the biggest! A dog face, their labors being rewarded by

would have had more sense. 'Tis not too | small lots, with which they mixed their late now, thank heaven. The departing crowd started as Hi ram, with the singing book in his hand, rushed down the stairs, two at a time, and up the road which led to Deacon Bates'. If he was not too late he was

nearly so, for Jenny was just opening ing twenty-five barrels per day. But subthe gate of the front yard. "Stop, Jenny !" he exclaimed, pant- Drake had builded greater than he knew. ing for breath. "Here's your singing book. You left it on your seat. I tried

to overtake you." "You needn't have taken the trouble, to subject petroleum to those same pro-Mr. Jenkins; I guess no one would have

"Not now. I've got to go down to the minute. I know I've acted like a fool; production has been reached and passed. Jenny hesitated a moment and made chilblains and rhematism, transactions

> discomfited Hiram stood waiting. as she could command. "Now, don't look and talk in

would have acted as I have if I hadn't

"Stop! Let me tell you. Can't you leum arose in a decade of years to the when a man is joking?" listen a minute?" said Hiram, in despe- third position, being surpassed only by ration. He felt that there was no other grain and cotton. Between the inception way than to make a clean breast of it, of the industry (say 1860) and the beand plunged into his story at once. ginning of the year just passed (1876) Word for word he related the conversa- it has brought into the United States day, and sponges his living out of the tion he heard in the barn and the effect more than \$400,000,000 in gold-al- sugar barrel, cracker box and cheese like half a pint of cream every day for sounds is made by repeating-May a Notwithstanding this self gratulation, it had upon him. He was deeply in ear- most equal (if the heavy premium on safe of the grocery store.

Hiram felt all the pangs of disappoint- nest, and in closing humbly appealed gold during the civil war be considered) ment and jealousy. He had not only for forgiveness. He saw her tremble to the entire amount of the circulating in the most mortifying manner by a man girl, she pitied him! His heart rose and treasury notes and national bank circuthat even with what he knew of Jenny's when a peal of laughter, louder and gies of savages it has arisen to the foreupon was of no common importance. No faults, if he could gain her hand, he blouder from being so long pent up, rang most position in the world as an illumman would have arranged himself so gor- | would carry her off in spite of his rival | out upon the night air, almost startling | ator, and now enters millions of house-Hiram out of his boots and waking the holds, carrying humanizing and civiliz-A week passed by and Jenny was deacon and his wife from a sound sleep ing effects which can hardly be estimated. From Colonel Drake, the solitary operator of 1859, with his single assistant, the number receiving employment from drilling has increased to 2,000 men, while those who derive support laughed, while Hiram stood silent at the "I suppose now he's got Jenny, he gate, angry and ashamed, not knowing from pumping, refining and transporting rays of the setting sun in a manner per- thinks he's got a right to the whole whether to advance or go back. At last petroleum, together with the mechanics, salesmen and clerks employed in various dependent industries, and among whom may be included machinists and manu-"say your prayers and go to sleep, and facturers of barrels, boilers, drilling

> for us American independence. AMERICAN PROSPERITY .- The progress of manufactures in this country has been rapid of late years. First our brown cottons competed with those of Europe in the world's markets, and next our printed calicos and other low-priced cottons. As soon as manufactures come near this point importation ceases, as foreign goods cannot pay our duties. Next tweeds, blankets, and the lowerpriced wollen goods superseded importaofous, and carpets are near the same point. Linen and silk manufactures have been longer in taking root among tice of the peace. But in the midst of us, but the latter is on the way. Our edge tools and agricultural machines and implements have long defied competition. Our sewing machines and printing presses have carried all before them, and now it is ascertained that the same triumph attends our machine-made watches. The

tools, chemicals, glue, lamps and the

like, would form a larger army than won

influence of these successes in the new world has been disastrous on the old. The cotton trade, the wollen trade, the iron and hardware trade have lost their best customer. Switzerland is in mourning because America no longer needs her watches, and Lyons is in distress because our purchases of silk have fallen off. Decreased importations on our part of course cause diminished commerce. and that depresses the shipping interest. which, unless balanced from some other sources, will ere long embarrass our Government: and what is most remarkable of all is, that whilst our increasing manufactures are causing these embar-

rassments abroad, we have never had

such poor times at home, either for cap-

italists, manufacturers or workingmen.

What does all this mean ?- New York San Francisco had a lively sensation, the other day, in which a wild steer was the leading actor. It broke out of a corral near the wharves and rushed up town, closely pursued by a vaquero, who, though he threw a lariat about its horns, found his horse too weak to hold it. The animal charged through a store, creating a general stampede, tossed a man who was unlucky enough to get in its way, and was shot at several times by a po liceman. Another man then attempted to stop it by shooting at it, but was charged upon and pinned to a horse for his pains, though fortunately he managed to get between the animal's horns and was not much hurt. A woman, two men and a little girl were then tossed. at which point the policeman again came up and fired six one-ounce balls against the creature's head, though without much injury, as the balls rebounded as from solid rock. The animal then rushed upon his opponent, trampled him under foot, gored a horse which had pursued it and tossed the rider over a lamp post. Again rushing away it tossed several other persons, but was finally bro't down by a well-aimed shot. The animal's body was found to contain over 50 bul-

lets, which had been fired at it by vari--the first product of the destructive rious persons. More Pious than Honest-Up in New Hampshire, where I used to liv when a boy (says Gov. Noves,) there duct was created. From a daily yield more pious than honest. He was an "Don't, Jenny! Wait-wait jest a of twenty-five barrels, 50,000 barrels old hypocrite, and when he had done particularly mean thing he eased hi concience by going out into a field, along one side of which was a stone wall, and another start for the door, and then turn- have enlarged to entire cargoes and are kneeling beside it praying the Lord to ed and went back to the gate where the daily carried from our shores to every topple it over on him if he had done anything offensive to him or wrong in part of the globe. From seventy-one "Well," she said, in as freezing a tone | feet-the depth of the initial effort-the | his sight. Well, we boys found it out oil driller of to-day sinks a shaft 1,700 and one day when we saw the deaco that feet deep-nearly one third of a mile. making for the stone wall, we got on way, Jenny Bates. You know I never Indeed some wells have been drilled to the other side and waited. He knelt a depth of nearly 3,000 feet. Instead of down according to his usual custom, and thought I had good reason for it. I tho't a twenty-five barrel "pumper," the oil went through his usual formula, closing with the usual petition to have the wall by a 3,000 barrel "spouter," and one toppled over if he had done anything "What business had you to think any | well on the Dougherty farm, near Petro- | wrong. And we toppled it. Jumping such thing?" asked Jenny, firing up. lia, flowed 4,800 barrels during the first out from under the stones, the old man "A pretty explanation that is !" and twenty-four hours. From a product un- cried out in tones of mingled disgust and again she turned away from the gate. | known among American exports, petro- alarm : "Good gracious ! can't you tell

> succeed without cash, is that of the man who sits around on dry goods boxes all

AN OLD HOUSE. There is something in an old house that there never can be in a new one The new one may be handsomer, it may have higher ceilings and broader panes of glass, a medieval mantel-piece, and French paper on the walls, and Persian rugs. You may be proud of it, but you love the old house—the dear old place, almost as old as the great trees before the door. A tall man could touch the ceilings with his palm, and the great mantel-pieces are stiff and ugly; but there, in the firelight, used to sit, once upon a time, the old grandmother, with her knitting, while the children climbed her knee and she told them stories of

her youth. Out of the window-the little window with the diamond panes-she has watched to see her young husband coming home after a long day's hunt, flushed with exercise, bright and handsome. There lay the red deer he shot; yonder the dogs were kenneled-the great

brown-eyed dogs. One of their race, then unborn, stands beside her as she tells these tales, old and blind and toothless, and there are no deer now. Yes, up that road she herself had ridden, a gay, young bride, coming for the first time to her husband's house, full of hope and joy. There her babies had been born, grown to be men

and women, married and gone forth. Out of the door went, at last, her husband's long funeral train, and nothing was left of her life but its memories. There she sat, thinking and knitting telling the old stories. How could she be so content, the young people often

The old clock stood in the hall and ticked, as it had done for seventy years. In the glass cupboard were stored a sa cred tea-service with gilt edges, and a silver tea-pot that had been a wedding

Fox's Martyrs and the Pilgrim's rogress were in the bookcase, and the big Bible on the stand : and there were black profiles of choked-looking ladies and gentlemen, with wondrous puffs on their heads, on the walls; up in the bedrooms were rag carpets and high post beds, and chests of drawers, and long presses. How many heads had rested had been dreamt : what bitter tears shed !

And down in the parlor, with its hard apright sofa, guests with strange dullness of which no one dreamt, had been entertained; and lovers had wooed and won, and doubtless there had been little tragedies, such as go on between the lov- MIES .- A short essay, entitled The Quesers through all the generations. Story tion of Money, has recently appeared in after story has told itself in the old Paris from the pen of M. de Girardin, make the old house different from the of England and America, are fast has-

new one. Memories lurk in the very tening to a bankrupt condition. This is of those who lie at rest in the old church- and fleets which a mutual suspicion comyard yonder, under tombstones on which | pels all the powers of Europe to mainthrough it-unseen but felt-bringing softened emotions and tender recollect that Europe is one vast camp, the sol-

as other trees. They have stories. Un- Governments about \$500,000,000 annuder this a first kiss was taken; under ally. England's army of 106,000 men that hands met in an eternal parting.

had lived to-day-but only a little while

modern, but there is no poetry in it, and

THE WIT OF A DOG .- Winks, for his part, after an hour or so of it, got bored with the levity of the conversation, and rustled about so that he was put out of the carriage, to run for the benefit of his health. He went along for a mile pleased enough, gathering dust in clouds about him. But when he intimated a desire to be taken in, the boys, hard- minds are like Norwegian pines. They hearted beings ! laughed in the face of are slow in growth, but they are striking Winks. "A run will do you good, old their roots deep. Some of the greatest fellow," said Dick, with cruel satisfac- men have been dull boys. Dryden and tion. A short time afterward, I am sor. Swift were dull as boys. So was Goldry to say, a dreadful accident, nature smith. So was Gibbon. So was Sir Walunknown, happened to Winks. He ut- ter Scott. Napoleon at school had so tered a heart-rending shriek, and ap- much difficulty in learning his Latin peared immediately after, making his that the master said it would need a way toward the carriage, holding up one gimlet to get a word into his head. feathery paw in demonstrative suffering. | Douglas Jerrold was so backward in his The anxious party stopped immediately, boyhood that at nine he was scarcely and Winks made his way towards them, laboriously limping, and uttering pain- greatest divines the Church of England ful cries. But when, all a-dust as he has ever produced, was so impenetrably was, this hypocrite was lifted into the stupid in his early years, that his father carriage, holding up the injured mem- more than once said that, if God took ber, and was laid upon the softest cush- away any of his children, he hoped it ion to have it examined, words fail me | would be Isaac, as he feared he would to express the sardonic grin with which never be fit for any thing in this world. he showed his milkwhite teeth. There Yet that boy was the genius of the famwas no more the matter with the little ilv. villain's paw than with yours or mine.

hard times is a touching thing. Martha rapidly three or four times :- Six gay The only kind of business that can B. of San Francisco, hearing how much green geese greased .- Also -- A crow flew the manager of the Benevolent Society over the river with a lump of raw liver. was doing for the poor, appealed to him Also repeat rapidly-Mix a batch of bisfor a few things. She said she would cuit. Another funny combination of her tea and coffee, one gallon of the best | man make money mercilessly?

port wine, and a little change, so that whenever she returned from a theater she could have a few plates of nice Eastern ovsters. She was also in need of a few pairs of twelve button gloves and some perfumery, a nice bronze drop. light, and a piano.

AN EVENING'S LESSON.

Here is a good spelling lesson for young and old:

"The most skillful guager I ever knew was a maligned cobbler, armed with a poniard, who drove a peddler's wagon, using a mullien stalk as an instrument of coercion to tyrannize over his pony, shod with calks. He was a Galilean Sadducee, and he had phthisicky catarrh, diphtheria, and the bilious intermittent erysipelas. A certain sibyl, with the sobriquet of 'Gypsy,' went into ecstasies of cachinnation at seeing him measure a bushel of pease, and separate saccharine tomatoes from a heap of peeled potatoes without dyeing or singeing the ignitible queue which he wore, or becoming paralyzed with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes to the ceiling of the cupola of the capitol to conceal her unparalled embarrassment, making a rough courtesy, and not harassing him with mystifying, rarefying and stupefying innuendoes, she gave him a couch a boquet of lilies, mignonette and fuchsias, a treaties on mnemonics, a copy of the Apocrypha in hierogylphics, daguerreotypes of Mendelssohn Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram vial of ipecacuanha, a teaspoonful of naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferule, a clarionet, some licorice, a surcingle, a carnelian of symmetrical proportions, a chronometer with a moveable balance wheel, a box of dominoes, and a catechism. The gauger, who was also a trafficking rectifier and parishioner of mine, preferring a wooden surtout (his choice was referable to a vacillating, occasionly occurring idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this anothegm : Life is checkered, but schism, apostasy, heresy and villiany shall be punished.' The sibvl apologizingly answered: 'There is notably an allegeable difference between a conferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic

impugning her suspicion." We suggest to our readers that some conversation lags during the evening, should "give out" the above words. The one who is successful in spelling all of them correctly may be congratulated, and should go to the head of the class.

diæresis.' We replied in trochees, not

THE COST OF EUROPE'S STANDING ARin which it is made to appear that all They are not all happy ones, but they existing Governments, excepting those walls; and who shall say that the spirits | caused mainly by the elaborate armies moss has grown, do not sometimes flit | tain as a standing threat to all encroachments of their neighbors. The result is diers of England, France, Germany, It-The very trees in the garden are not aly, Austria and Russia costing those costs \$53,256,160; France's 480,000 Down in the orchard a baby's grave men, \$112,913,298; Russia's 575,000 the baby would be fifty years if he men, \$137,034,925; Germany's 412,000 men, \$92,764,603; Italy's 205,000 men, ago his mother sat there and shed a tear \$37,176,086, and Austria's 273,000 men, \$47,705,914. The support of the The new house is fine, and costly, and various navies also costs \$135,000,000 a year, of which England expends \$60,there will not be until at least two gen- 000,000; France \$35,000,000; Russia erations have made it an old house, and \$24,000,000; Germany and Italy, \$7,haunted it with sweet ghosts as it did 500,000 each, and Austria \$5,000,000. M. de Girardin concludes from the estimate of naval expenses that the danger of universal insolvency will never be removed until rulers shall cease to prosecute their search for an armament which no projectile can pierce and a projectile

which no armament can withstand. Dull Boys .- Don't be discouraged Slow growth is often sure growth. Some able to read. Isaac Barrow, one of the

An amusing jumble of sounds will be Woman's distress in the hardest of the result if you repeat the following